GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S

NOTES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

How He Was Relentlessly Pursued by Jealous Hatred, by the Press and the Politicians.

The silence with which Gen. McClellan received all the adverse criticisms of his motives and work, and which he heroically preserved up to the hour of his death, will be broken by his own memoirs on December 1st, when the press of Webster & Co. will give his volume to the world. It is not too much to say that this work will be second in importance only to the memoirs of Gen. Grant himself, and in many respects it will possess an interest not held by that of the hero of Appomattox. From its modest preface to the final pages of the book the lamented author has endeavored only to trace his own connection with the war and his impressions of his associates in the field, not avoiding the responsibilities which were the inevitable result of his position nor seeking to attach credit to his own name for the work which others performed. The book is the frank and manly story of a frank and manly life, told as the stories of brave men who have nothing to defend always are told, in the hope, not of wronging anyone else, but of silencing the unjust criticisms of political enemies for the benefit of a beloved posterity. Written with such a motive and in no resentful vein, he must be a prejudiced partisan indeed who for any reason withholds the proper measure of praise from it or its famous author.

The preface of the book explicitly declares that McClellan never sought either rank or command. Whatever, it says, of that nature which came to him came without effort of his own. Desiring nothing so much as the success of the North, he never consulted his personal comfort or interests, and consented, in view of this, to maintain the policy which seemed proper to him without regard for the abuse which early began to be his. The simple and only assertion which he elected to leave us on this score is the obviously truthful declaration that "I loyally served my country in its darkest hour, and that others, who during their lifetimes have been more favored than myself, would probably have done no better under the circumstances which surrounded me, when, twice a least, I saved the Capital, once created and once reorganized a great army." Not all his critics have been so modest.

As the secret history of that period has proved Gen. Scott was one of the most formidable obstacles to early and decisive action. Of this there was no doubt in the mind of McClellan at least. "Gen. Scott will not comprehend the danger," he wrote at the time to his bride of a year. "I have to fight my way against him. Tomorrow the question will probably be decided by giving me absolute control independently of him. I suppose it will result in enmity on his part against me, but I have no choice." Of the historic September conference at Gen. Scott's office, during which the rupture between the two occurred, McClellan says: "Before we got through the General 'raised a row with me.' In the course of the conversation he very strongly intimated that we were no longer friends. I said nothing, merely looked at him and bowed. He tried to avoid me when we left, but I walked square up to him, looked him fully in the eye, extended my hand and said: 'Good morning, Gen. Scott.' He had to take my hand, and so we parted. I have one strong point—that I do not care one iota for my present position." That it was not his intention to offer battle until his forces were organized the General frankly admits. "So soon as I feel that my army is well organized and well disciplined," he wrote, "I will advance and force the rebels to a battle in a field of my own selection. A long time must yet elapse before I can do this, and I expect all the newspapers to abuse me for delay." Nor was he much disappointed.

Certainly if there was a person in the world to whom this chieftain, at whose youth the President and a serious Senate marveled, would have complained or murmured had he felt so inclined, it was to the accomplished woman, then in her youth, who but a short time before had linked her fortunes with his. Yet not an unkind word of Scott appears in the letters which he sent her nor even one of exultation over his senior's final retirement. "I have already been up once this morning—that was at 4 o'clock to escort Gen. Scott to the depot," he writes on that eventful day. "I can easily understand his sensations; and it may be that at some distant day I too shall totter away from Washington a worn out soldier, with naught to do but make my peace with God. Should I ever become vainglorious remind me of that spectacle. I pray," he then goes on to say, "Every night and every morning that I may become neither vain nor ambitious, and that I may keep one single object in view—the good of my country. At last I am the 'Major General commanding the army.' I do not feel in the least elated."

These letters it is policy to remember were written in the flush that followed his elevation to the highest military office of the day and when any secret hope he entertained would naturally have found its way into his home correspondence. But "I received letter after letter," he writes, "have conversation after conversation, calling on me to save the nation, alluding to the Presidency, dictatorship, etc. As I hope one day to be united with you forever in heaven, I have no such aspiration.' Nor was there the faintest wish needlessly to prolong the struggle. On August 16, 1861, he adds: "I am here in a terrible place; the enemy have from three to four times my force; the President cannot or will not see the true state of affairs. Most of my troops are demoralized by the defeat at Bull Run; some regiments even mutinous. I am weary of all this. I have no ambition only to save my country and the incapables around me will not permit it. They sit on the verge of the precipice and cannot realize what they see. Their reply to everything is 'Impossible! impossible!'" How many there were in this broad land at the time who shared in the delusive hope that the rebellion was but an insignificant revolt!

Under the restraints of a Cabinet, at least a portion of which cherished mingled feelings with regard to his success, he chafed as every other man would have chafed whose single patriotic purpose was being thwarted. "When I returned yesterday, after a long ride," runs his letter of October 10th, "I was obliged to attend a meeting of the Cabinet at 8 p.m. and was bored and annoyed. There are some of the greatest geese in the Cabinet I have ever seen—enough to tax the patience of Job. * * * How weary I am of all this business! Care after care, blunder after blunder, trick upon trick. I appreciate," he continues farther on, "all the difficulties in my path—the impatience of the people, the venality and bad faith of the politicians, the gross neglect that has occurred in obtaining arms, clothing, etc., and, above all, I feel in my inmost soul how small is my ability in comparison with the gigantic dimensions of the task." Yet, even then they sneered and said his head was turned. And when the needed stores and arms did not come, and an inactive winter stared him and his army in the face, he was writing such words as these: "I am doing all I can to get ready to move before winter sets in, but it begins to look as if we were condemned to inactivity. If it is so the fault will not be mine; there will be that consolation for my conscience, even if the world at large never knows it." The world is finding it out, sure enough.

He found, as did all others who were near to President Lincoln, that the jovial nature of that great man could not be wholly cast down by any circumstances whatsoever, and the fund of anecdote which seemed inexhaustible in Lincoln he marveled at, as did thousands of others. "I have just been interrupted here," are his words, "by the President and Secretary Seward, who had nothing very particular to say, except some stories to tell, which were, as usual, very pertinent and some pretty good. I never in my life met any one so full of anecdote as our friend. He is never at a loss for a story apropos of any known subject or incident." When the rumor that he himself had been shot was sent abroad, he writes: "What a shame that anyone should spread such a wicked rumor in regard to my being killed! I beg to assure you that I have not been killed a single time since I reached Washington." And of his love for the brave fellows who would have gone to the death for "Little Mac": "'Our George' they have taken it into their heads to call me. I ought to take good care of these men, for I believe they love me from the bottom of their hearts. I can see it in their faces when I pass among them."

Whatever the differences between the President and his military commander, due to the several causes which have become historic, there was mutual admiration and respect accorded by one to the other. * * * "The President is honest and means well," says another letter. "As I parted from him on Seward's steps, he said it had been suggested to him that it was more safe for me than for him to walk out at night without some attendant. I told him that I felt no fear; that no one would take the trouble to interfere with me. On which he deigned to remark that they would probably give more for my scalp at Richmond than for his," a fitting rebuke, we must all admit, to those who represented Lincoln as thinking otherwise.

O-SUGA-SAN.

(On the Kamo River.)

I.

'Tis night, and o'er the homes of men
The moon shines from a cloudless sky;
Like daimio indolent I lie,
And string the lute like samisen.*

Near by, in strangely figured gown,
A product of Kioto's art,
O-Suga mistress of my heart,
Sits, with dark eyes demurely down.

Child of Japan, sing once again
That ballad old I love so much;
Lift up thy tender voice, and touch,
With fingers deft, the samisen.

Lift up thy voice and let me hear,
In thy monotonous, low strains,
The story of Gompachi's† pains,
Ko-Murasaki's loving tear.

II.

O-Suga-san! O-Suga-san!
Far from my boyhood's home I lie,
Above me bends the Nippon sky,
I hear the rustle of the fan.

This is the East; no restless brain,
No Saxon hand must enter in;
Mikado, Sultan, mandarin,
Rule here; forever may they reign.

As on Æaia's Island cast,
Circe and wise Ulysses charmed,
Who, by the ocean god unharmed,
Regained Penelope at last.

So, in this land of old Japan,
Encircled by the summer sea,
Am I charmed, with no wish to flee,
My island queen, O-Suga-san.

III.

O-Suga-san, look forth again
Upon the swiftly gliding river!
Seest thou the myriad lamps that quiver?
Hear'st thou the tinkling samisen?

High o'er the Kamo's pebbly bed
A thousand booths like ours are set;
Tonight, methinks, no troubles fret
These hearts which from dull care have fled.

Sweet child of nature, life to thee
Is but to love and to be loved;
And, as the moon the wave hath moved,
So hath thy spirit mastered me.

Come what come, may I rise not up;
But here a wanderer, I will rest
My head against thy gentle breast,
Within my hand the ‡sake cup!

KIOTO, JAPAN, 1886. —*Julius.*

*Samisen, a guitar or banjo of three strings.
†Gompachi and Ko-Murasaki, the Abelard and Heloise of Japan.
‡Sake, a liquor brewed from rice.

A Social Philosopher.

I'm disgusted with Powderly and his whole shebang. They are going to run labor into politics—the meanest sort of politics—when capital is mean and labor is a fool; between the two we are bound to live in an everlasting fuss. But they can't get the farming negroes into their ring, for they are not hirelings. Most of them are renters in this region and are their own bosses. Powderly and Blaine are in cahoot, and say the Northern white labor can't compete with the Southern black labor; that the Southerners don't pay anything hardly and they must be made to pay, and so they will fool the negro again, I reckon. Well, those fellows up there do have the hardest time regulating us rebels and they do make the least progress in the world. They have been dogging at us for twenty years trying to run against nature, and nature just moves along calm and serene. The Southern white man is just the same and the negro is just the same that the Creator made him. The Northern fanatic believes them to be both alike in all respects except color. They don't know a thing about the race traits and instincts. They don't believe an Indian or a Chinaman is the same, but a negro is the white man's equal and may be his superior. But the argument is exhausted. We will just let them fellows go along and see what they will try to do. Of course they can't do anything, but we will have the fun of watching them try.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

NOT ELIGIBLE.

[*A New York Club Man to a Would-Be Ditto.*]

Oh, I wouldn't dare propose you,
For you're really not the style.
You're a decent sort of fellow,
But you wear an ancient tile.

You are handsome, and your talents
The ensemble do enhance,
But you haven't got the proper
Little wrinkle on your pants.

I admit you're of good family,
And your manners are the best;
But you always will make use of
Every button on your vest.

You are honest, and your wisdom
Keeps you indoors when there's rain;
But I never see you sucking
On the handle of your cane.

Indeed I can't, old fellow,
I do beg you'll not get warm—
I'm unable to propose you,
For you're truly not good form.

—*Life.*

INEBRIATE MANIACS.

A TEXT FOR PROHIBITIONISTS FROM DAILY LIFE

The Effect That Liquors Have Upon Some Weak Minds Leading to the Commission of Crime.

New York *Commercial Advertiser:* T. D. Crothers, M.D., contributes an interesting article to the *Popular Science Monthly* upon "Inebriate Maniacs," in which he classifies the victims of alcoholism, and sets forth the scientific theory of the mania which has been so much discussed of late years, with its causes and the measures to be taken for its cure. He explains that physiologists and students of mental science have long been aware of this new division of the army of the insane, but that public opinion refuses to recognize the symptoms because they are associated with intervals of apparent sanity in acts and conduct. This he attributes to the fact that clergymen and moralists teach that these are only instances of moral disorder that are to be remedied by moral and legal measures.

The first class of these inebriate maniacs, Dr. Crothers states, are victims of hereditary disorder of the brain, and many other and complex causes contribute in bringing them to the new condition in which they come before public notice in the courts as malefactors. The writer explains:

"Any general history of the crime reveals delirium, hallucinations, delusions and maniacal impulses. Thus, in one day, the papers recorded the following among other cases of this class: An inebriate of previously quiet disposition killed his wife, supposing she had put poison in his food. Another man in a similar state shot a stranger who differed with him on the age of Queen Victoria. Another man killed his father, who remonstrated with him for over driving a horse. Still another assaulted fatally his brother, who would not give him money. Two men, both intoxicated, mortally wounded each other in a quarrel who should pay for the spirits drank. Another man killed both wife and child, supposing the former was going to desert him."

Dr. Crothers thinks that the circumstance that the criminal in these cases is always held in court to be a free agent, and that the legal fiction that drunkenness is no excuse for crime prevails is largely to blame for the spread of such disorders since "the victim is destroyed and the object of the law, to reform the offender and deter others from the commission of crime, lamentably fails."

The second class of inebriate maniacs the author of the article considers to be made up of the subjects who do not come so prominently before the public, but are often held in the police court for drunkenness, minor assaults and all grades of breaches of the peace, who "use alcohol, opium or any other drug for its effect," while their character and conduct "are a continuous history of insane and imbecile acts." Their crimes are of a low and imbecile type, and the doctor considers them to be mental and moral paralytics. Their sentence to prisons and reformatories, he thinks, tends to increase the very crimes for which they are punished.

Dr. Crothers's third class of maniacs is composed of men who are known only as moderate, or not excessive, users of alcohol, opium or chloral, who will suddenly exhibit great changes of character and conduct and do the most insane acts, then resume a degree of sanity that corresponds with their previous character. He gives the following illustrations:

"Thus a prominent clergyman of wealth and high standing in the community, who was a wine drinker, suddenly began a series of Wall street speculations of the most uncertain, fraudulent nature. He implicated himself and a large number of friends, and finally was disgraced. A judge, occupying a most enviable position of character and reputation, who had used spirits and opium for years at night for various reasons, suddenly gave up his place and became a low office seeker—was elected to the Legislature, and became prominent as an unscrupulous politician. 'A New England clergyman, after thirty years of most earnest, devoted work, renounced the church and became an infidel of the most aggressive type. Later it was found that he had used chloroform and spirits in secret for years. A man of ten years of tested honesty and trustworthiness proved to be a defaulter. It was ascertained that he used chloral and opium in secret."

It is impossible in this article to review the minute and elaborate scientific reasoning with which Dr. Crothers presents his demonstration of the theory that these men are not free moral agents, and that, while to the moralist their conduct presents only phases of human depravity, to the psychologist these crimes are "explosions of masked diseases almost unknown and undiscovered." The remedy, he thinks, will come after the efforts shall cease of moralists, clergymen and temperance societies to remove an evil of which they have no comprehension. He concludes: "When all this thunder and roar of temperance reformation shall pass away the still small voice of science will be heard, and the true condition of the inebriate and the nature of his malady will be recognized."

The writer makes it a curious *non sequitur*, however, for a scientific reasoner when he belittles the restraint of moral and social agents in preventing the acquirement of habits that certainly assist to bring on the symptoms he so graphically describes. As long ago as Cassio men found that liquor was an enemy which stole away the brains. But this does not argue, certainly, that religious and social bodies are impertinent intruders into the domain of science in their labors to prevent and reduce drunkenness. If science is anxious to remedy this untoward state of affairs let it demonstrate its ability to do so and the other agencies will be forced to step aside.

The Late Senator Yulee's Family.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells the following about the late Senator Yulee, whose name was originally Levy: His grandfather was Grand Vizier of Morocco. The Emperor's son conspired to dethrone his father, and was found out by the Grand Vizier, and for a time was frustrated, but when he ascended the throne he would have beheaded the Grand Vizier but for the flight of that officer to Gibraltar. The Grand Vizier was accompanied in his flight by his family, which consisted of a son and daughter named Moses and Rachel. The Grand Vizier died in Gibraltar. After his death the son and daughter emigrated to the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies. After a seven years' courtship, Mr. Joshua Ben Elisha married the beautiful Rachel. The genealogy of the Ben Elishas is older than that of any of the European nobility, and their antiquity cannot be disputed. This family, as well as that of D'Israeli, D'Costa, and others, belonged to the Sephardin or learned men. The Ben Elisha family assumed the more euphonious spelling of Ben Lisa, and one of that name still lives in Florida. Moses E. Levy married Miss Abendanon, a Jewish lady, in England. In 1815 he moved from St. Thomas to Florida, taking with him his wife and son, David L. Levy. He was a man of great culture and literary attainments, and enjoyed a high social position. He received several small grants from the Spanish government. These lands have become so valuable since Florida has developed that the late Mr. Yulee sold them for so good a sum that he built a palace in Washington and has left a large fortune to his children.

AN OLD-TIMER.

Often I think in my trim swallow-tail,
At parties where flowers their fragrance exhale,
Of times when my pate was a bower of curls,
And I danced with the grandmas of all the dear girls.

I look on the charms that their beauties unfold—
They seem the same damsels, while I have grown old.
I feel like white winter without a warm ray;
They look like the roses that blossom in May.

But winter may look with its shiver and chill,
Through the window at flowers that bloom on the sill.
And I may ask Edith with ringlets of jet
If she will dance with me the next minuet.

I go to all parties, receptions, first nights,
I'm a merry old bird in my fanciful flights;
I may look like the winter, a snowy old thing,
But deep in my heart dwells the spirit of spring.

I know that I am not as old as I look,
May voice has no crack and my back has no crook;
And happy I'd be if May, Maud and Lucelle
Would treat me as one who's as young as I feel."

—*Puck.*

OLE MASTER "NED"

As He was Described by "Fanny," His Trusted Servant.

Correspondence of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:* A well known character of Vicksburg is Fanny, or Mrs. Crawford, as she is less frequently called. Fanny was raised in the family of old Ned Richardson, and calls him "Pa." Mr. Richardson, before his death, a year or so ago, was known as the largest cotton planter in the world. He left an estate valued at little short of $20,000,000. Mrs. Crawford is a middle aged, sharp eyed, quick moving, light colored woman. As her old master's business expanded he employed Fanny to recruit labor for him. From that she has come to be the principal labor agent in Vicksburg, is reputed to be worth $15,000 or $20,000, and is educating her children at the Fisk University at Nashville.

"What kind of a man was Mr. Richardson with his labor?" she was asked.

"He was a kind man. He got better work out of them by kind treatment. You know he made all of his money after the war. I remember when he used to have a little store in Brandon. He sold ice water for fifteen cents and gave away whisky. That was the way he escaped the law. I used to carry his dinner to him, and they had me up as a witness. I had to say I didn't know he sold whisky, for I didn't. He always said to his customers, 'I charge you for the ice water; the whisky is free!' Old Ned's first big start came from going on the bond of a man who had killed another. He got a mortgage on a plantation, the man ran away, and Old Ned got the plantation. Mrs. Richardson was a Miss Patton, of South Carolina. That is the way all the children came to have a P. in their names. Patton is the middle name for each one of them. Old Ned couldn't write his name until Mrs. Richardson taught him."

"He made a good deal out of convict labor?"

"Yes. When he got the contract from the Mississippi Legislature right after the war he had liquors, champagne and all that set out in my parlor for the colored members who voted for him. The prisoners used to say Old Ned treated them well, but I know he didn't like convict labor. He used to say, 'You can't get work out of the miserable devils unless you treat 'em mean and cruel, and I don't want to do that.' He wanted all free labor. You know Old Ned never had but two slaves in his whole life. When the old man died he didn't owe a dollar. He always kept his affairs closed right up. I remember one day we were having a settlement of the business I had been doing for him. There was five cents coming to him and I didn't offer to give it up. 'I want my five cents, Fanny,' he said, 'I'm not going to give it to you,' I said. 'Yes,' he said, 'give it to me. That's the way I do business. I must have the books right.' Then I handed him the five cents, and he gave me a dollar. He was that kind of a man. He was very strict in business matters, but liberal outside. The night before he died he came into my house here and handed my daughter Eliza some money, and said she must go back to Fisk University and finish her education. The next morning my children woke me up knocking on the door and crying, 'Mother, mother, get up, your pa is dead.'"

Mr. Richardson went from Vicksburg to Jackson the night referred to, and some time after leaving the train was found on the street in a dying condition, having been stricken by apoplexy. Jackson was his old home, although his extensive business interests kept him in New Orleans most of the time. Years ago he had his monument erected in the cemetery at Jackson. It is a tall shaft surmounted by a lifesize figure of Old Ned. He stands facing the East, and the wit of Jackson, away back in reconstruction days, when there was a good deal of talk about Richardson's penitentiary contract, apostrophized the marble figure thus: "There you stand, Old Ned, in death as in life, with one eye on the Mississippi Legislature and the other on the Mississippi penitentiary."

Spitting on the Hand.

A writer in the current number of *All the Year Round* remarks that "the act of spitting on the hand, so often seen among laborers and workingmen before beginning a task, is, though not generally known, the remains of a charm. According to Pliny, spitting was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a more vigorous blow to an enemy. Hence we get the custom with prize fighters of spitting on their hands before they begin to fight. Boys, a few generations ago, used to 'spit their faith' when required to make a promise; and when colliers combined to get their wages raised they used, before the days of trade unions, to spit on a stone together by way of cementing their union. When persons were of the same party, or agreed in their sentiments, there used at one time to be a popular saying that they had 'spit on the same stone.'"

THE GREATEST BRIDGE

IN THE WORLD, THAT OVER THE FORTH.

The Most Marvellous of the Feats of Engineering Skill—Two Spans of 1710 Feet Each.

"As a grenadier guardsman is to a new born infant, so is the Forth bridge to the largest railway bridge yet built in this country." This is the graphic comparison by which Benjamin Baker, C. E., illustrated the extraordinary character of the structure now in progress at Queensferry, of which Sir John Fowler and he are the engineers, says the *Engineer.* But he did not confine the comparison to bridges in this country only; for in the paper—read to the British Association—from which the description is taken, Mr. Baker added: "Bridges a few feet larger in span than the Brittannia have been built elsewhere, but they are baby bridges, after all." There is thus a deliberate claim made on behalf of the Forth bridge, by one of its designers, that it is the most wonderful bridge in the world; that the greatest of existing bridges is but child's play in comparison with it. What is it that gives the Forth bridge this pre-eminence? It is certainly not its length. In that respect it is far excelled by the Victoria bridge at Montreal, and also by the unfortunate Tay bridge at Dundee, which is now being rebuilt. The Victoria bridge is now 10,380 feet long, or within 180 feet of two miles. The Tay bridge is, or will be, 10,612 feet long, or fifty two feet over two miles. The length of the Forth bridge is only 8091 feet, or 2289 feet less than the Victoria, and 2521 less than the Tay bridge. Neither is the hight of the roadway, its distinguishing feature. In this respect, though nearly twice the height of the Newcastle high level bridge, it is excelled by many others abroad. The striking and unprecedented feature in the Forth bridge is the length of its greatest spans. The two longest spans of the Brittania bridge of Menai strait measure 465 feet each. The Forth bridge has two spans of 1710 feet each, which is not far short of being four times as great. This is a fair comparison, because the Britannia and the Forth bridge are both fixed and stable bridges. Other bridges exist which have longer spans than the Britannia can boast of, but they are suspension bridges, and are therefore swinging and unstable. The Niagara suspension bridge has a single span of 820 feet. The central span of the Brooklyn bridge, at New York, measures 1,600 feet, which is the nearest approach to the giant strides of the Forth bridge. But these, I said, are suspension bridges, which have a certain mobility and elasticity. The Forth bridge will be as solid and as stable as the Britannia bridge, or as Waterloo bridge in London, or as the North bridge in Edinburgh, and yet its great spans will be greater than those of any bridge in existence. Well, therefore, may Mr. Baker boast that the greatest of existing bridges will be but as a baby in comparison with his giant. The building of such a bridge is a daring exploit. What, it may be asked, has led the engineers to attempt it? Is it the love of adventure, the mere desire to surpass their predecessors and to "lick creation," as the Americans say, by the production of the biggest bridge on record? Considering the enormous capital involved in the venture, in the cost of material and labor, and considering still more the risk to human life which it entails, the engineers would not have been warranted in entering any merely heroic or ambitious enterprise. The simple answer to the question of motive is, that the engineers had really no choice in the matter. They had either to accept the conditions imposed on them by nature and circumstances or to decline the task altogether. They were required to prepare plans for a bridge on a site including two spans 1710 feet each, over a depth of water so great as to preclude the construction of intermediate piers, and they were bound either to face and grabble with these difficulties or to declare them to be insuperable. They preferred the former alternative, and the Forth bridge is the result. The contract price of the bridge is £1,600,000, of which £200,000 has been expended on plant. The number of workmen employed in the various departments is 2000. The work has now been going on for three years, and another three at least must elapse before it is completed. It can scarcely be said, perhaps, that the Forth bridge will be a beautiful object. To those who look for lines of beauty in such structures it will appear eccentric, extravagant, odd—perhaps, outrageous. But to those whose sense of the beautiful depends on the realization of the useful, the daring grandeur of the design, and its manifest adaptation of means to ends, will appear to be a marvelous triumph of engineering skill, of patient labor and of commercial enterprise.

HAMLET IN THE BATHROOM.

[A medical journal has been throwing grave doubts upon the need and utility, even the salubrity and safety, of that sacred institution, the cold morning tub.]

Tubbing or not tubbing, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the man to suffer
The stings and shivers of an icy sponging,
Or take up arms against a tyrant custom,
And by opposing end it? To peel—to plunge
No more; not, fresh from sleep, to undergo
The dull ache, and the douche's frigid shocks
That flesh so shrinks from—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To lie—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream; no shuddering scrub,
No dismal thought of what cold chills must come
When we have shuffled our pyjamas off,
Need give us pause! 'Tis the respect for custom
That makes the morning tub of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and stings of cold,
The tumble out, the hasty ice breaking,
The pangs of the first plunge, the heart's delay,
The tremulous knee-knocking, and the "turns"
That quivering ganlions of the shower bath take,
When he at ease his morning wash could do
In tepid comfort? Who would gooseskin bear,
To grunt and shake under a down-pour chill,
But that the dread of what the world would say—
That "unknown quantity," whose shadowy fiat
No fellow disobeys—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to comfort that we're wishful of?
Thus custom doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the sense and comfort of ablution
Are sacrificed to false ideas of health;
And Sawbones' saws and sanitary twaddle
Make winter's mornings frigid misery
All in the name of cleanliness! —*Punch.*

An Opinion by the Attorney General.

WASHINGTON, October 30.—Attorney General Garland has given an opinion to the Secretary of the Treasury that national banks must deposit interest bearing bonds to secure their circulation, and that called 3 per cent. bonds cannot be used as a basis of circulation.